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pretty hands
 Shall have new powers; when what but
 pleases now,
 Shall all beholders charm: Oh! then may
 you
 Be greatly good, as you are pretty now;
 Each find a lover, worthy of loving you,
 Worthy of being lov'd; so may you live
 Then happy, as you now are innocent.
London.

D.

THE CHRISTIAN'S JOURNEY THROUGH LIFE.

THE Christian, while life's journey he
 pursues,
 A stranger and a wanderer appears,
 But still in prospect as the end he views,
 It serves to dissipate his anxious fears,
 The glorious end its beauties doth display,
 And to the faithful traveller smooths the
 weary way.
 Though storms, perhaps, assault him on
 his road,
 Internal peace will break their utmost
 force,
 His eye once fix'd on Heaven's secure
 abode,
 No tempest can arrest him on his
 course;
 Steady, by faith's unerring light he steers
 His devious course along this vale of tears.
 Even from afflictions he finds cause for
 joy,
 They urge him forward, and his loiter-
 ings chide,
 They tend self-love's allurements to de-
 stroy,
 Which oft the soul from Jesus would
 divide;
 If he has labours, they are "those of
 "love,"
 And every grief is sunk in hopes of joys
 above.
 When storms disperse, and skies no
 longer lower,
 Our steadfast traveller does not slack his
 speed;
 Prosperity has not the magic power
 To make him deviate in word or deed;
 He knows his master's business must be
 done,

By watchfulness and care the heavenly
 prize is won.

Yet still he does not churlishly refuse
 To taste the sweets presented as he goes,
 But careful not the blessings to abuse,
 He grateful thanks the hand which good
 bestows;
 Enjoys the comforts Heaven to him has
 lent,
 Nor, if they are refused, gives way to
 discontent.

With an observing eye he looks around,
 And what is beautiful or grand admires,
 If aught or strange or wonderful is found
 Into its nature curiously inquires;
 His master's wonder-working hand he
 sees,
 In earth, sea, air, in herbs, and flowers,
 and trees.

His fellow-travellers with love he greets,
 Enjoys their pleasures, and their sorrow
 shares.

If any wandering from the path he meets,
 He aids with counsel, and they have
 his prayers;

He helps the helpless, soothes the sinking
 soul,

And firm resisting stands 'gainst vice's
 dire controul.

His Master's great example still he makes
 The rule of life; and where weak nature
 fail,

The holy spirit's powerful aid he takes
 Against those enemies who oft assail;
 In vain the world its tempting baits dis-
 play,

His shield of faith turns Satan's fiery darts
 away.

At length we see him at life's utmost
 bound,

His journey over, and the prize in view,
 Nor death nor hell can his firm soul con-
 found,

He finds his Saviour's promise just and
 true;

Jesus for him disarms the horrid king,
 "Where is thy victory, grave?—death
 where thv sting?"

LYDIA.

ANCIENT LITERATURE.

ON PROPERTIUS.

I HOPE that the following account
 of Propertius will not be consider-
 ed a presumptuous attempt to over-
 throw the character of a well known

poet, but rather as an honest endeavour
 to justly appreciate a man, whose works
 have in my opinion been strangely over-
 valued. A numerous class of beings cal-
 led commentators, whose usefulness every

reader of ancient literature is bound to acknowledge, but who are by no means to be esteemed as guides in matters of taste, have heaped praises on this elegiac poet without measure, and without discrimination. Indeed Propertius has some claim on their gratitude: for his perpetual allusions to Greek fable, and his frequent obscenities have furnished them with ample room to display their learning to advantage: and such an ostentatious and immense display have some of them made, that in their editions the poet's text is scarce discernible amid the mass of notes with which it is surrounded. *Minima est pars ipsa puella sui*....or to borrow a simile of Swift, Propertius enveloped in his commentary, looks like a mouse under a canopy of state. After reading his poems, I never could discover that he possessed one requisite for elegiac poetry. He has neither ease, nor tenderness, nor simplicity, nor perspicuity. Oh! but say some critics, he had a genius too high for amatory poetry; he should have written epics; as if a writer who has none of the above-mentioned excellencies was fit to write epic, or any poetry at all. it would be waste of time to ask these criticks, does Homer or Virgil want ease or tenderness, or simplicity, or perspicuity, or rather are not these their chief beauties. And yet this writer, thus stiff, thus turgid, thus affectedly learned, is to be cried up as the chief of the Latin elegiac poets. The only merit he possesses is rather the merit of his age than his own, I mean the correctness of his versification: as in the present day every boy and girl can string together a dozen couplets without any effort. In fact, Propertius appears to me of about equal rank with the Sheffields and Halifaxes of English poetry, and his frigid verses deserve no other notice from the ladies, except to cool their irons or to curl their hair.

I was a good deal amused a few days ago, at a sort of compliment paid to this writer, by a French poet, M. Berenger. He is with great liberality praising his contemporaries, and wishing to exalt two writers of elegies, he says,

Cubières et Berlin, émules de Propertce,
Font sourire l'amour a cet heureux commerce.

Here according to the laudable custom of Boileau, the poet having no doubt written the second line first, must have been considerably puzzled to find an amatory poet whose name would rhyme to "commerce." Catulle, and Tibulle, were perfectly intractable, and so nothing remained but to put down "Propertce." I know nothing either of Cubières or Berlin, but I think I may venture to assert that a gallant Frenchman would never insult his mistress with such pedantic roundelays as Propertius wrote.

Dr. Jortin who was an elegant critic himself, and composed excellent Latin verse, says of Propertius, that he wrote in a desultory manner, and that in his poems there is sometimes no connection to be found.

Marullus, who has written a catalogue in verse, of the Latin poets, has omitted Propertius, though it must be confessed that no great deference is due to his taste, as he omitted also the names of Plautus and Ovid, for which he has received a most severe censure from the sensible Gravina.

As to the idea of Propertius writing an Epic, I cannot help wishing that he had attempted a poem of that superior nature. It would have been some consolation for the advocates of modern genius to be able to say that the ancients had a Blackmore as well as the moderns, and that a Roman noble could write as sillily as an English knight. But unfortunately the advice of Mæcenas* was not taken, and Propertius continued to write elegies till the venerable age of 75.

We cannot but lament while such a tender elegant writer as Sappho among the Greeks, and Catullus among the Latins have come down to posterity imperfect, and mutilated that the contemptible mediocrity of Propertius should appear before us nearly

* It is said that Mæcenas recommended to Propertius to write an Epic, as more suitable to his genius. We can hardly think that the man who had taste enough to admire Virgil and Horace, could have been serious in this advice. No doubt it was "une mauvaise plaisanterie."

entire. Who would not for one ode of Sappho, for one carmen of Catullus, give up all the pedantry and dullness of this darling of the commentators? But alas, it is the fate of good books, as of good men, frequently to die early, and to be soon forgotten. Time, that has destroyed all the graces of Menander, has preserved, unhurt, all the obscenities and abominations of Petronius.

As some of your readers perhaps,

may think that I have asserted rather than proved the faults of Propertius, I will, if you think proper, in future communications give some quotations from this poet, and arrange them under the several heads of pedantry, dullness, obscenity, and turgidity, &c. Meantime I conclude, wishing no other evil to the friends of Propertius than that they may have no relish for the beauties of Tibullus.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

MR. FR. HEGI, is engraving and publishing, at Zurich, a Collection of Costumes of the middle age. The first exhibits portraits of various persons of the 12th century; as Roger, Count of Sicily; Richard, Cœur de Lion; Elizabeth, Countess of Marche, third wife of King John.

The king of Naples, Joseph Bonaparte, had ordered a monument to be erected to the memory of Tasso, opposite to the house in which the poet was born. All his manuscripts were to be deposited in that house, with a copy of every edition of his works, and the keeping of them was to be entrusted to his nearest descendant.—Whether it has been carried into execution under his successor, we cannot say.

Desirous of prosecuting the researches at Pompeii with greater energy, he likewise ordered, that all persons possessing lands around the former openings, should relinquish them to government, who would give them in exchange demesne lands of the crown.

The celebrated Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, at Milan, has suffered so much from damp and other circumstances, that it will soon be totally destroyed. Bossi is taking a copy of it in oil, of the original size, from which it is afterwards to be executed in mosaic.

Mr. Sickler writes from Rome, that he has observed in the villa of Cassius, a wall of the construction termed Cyclopean, by Mr. Petit Radel, which stands upon another of the kind called *opus reticulatum*, by Vetruius. Hence

he infers that Mr. Petit Radel is possibly mistaken with respect to the antiquity of that kind of masonry.

The subterranean passage, by which the emperor went privately from the palace of the Cæsars, on Mount Calius, to the Flavian amphitheatre, has been lately discovered. From it have been taken a number of architectural fragments, capitals, cornices, and vases, proofs of the splendour of its decorations. Some fine torques have been found, and a head of Mercury, which appears to have belonged to the statue formerly in the garden of the pope, and now in the Chiaromontin museum. Several pipes and gutters for carrying off water were met with, and twenty rooms of very small dimensions, and lighted only from the top. These are presumed to be the *fornices* mentioned so frequently by Martial, Seneca, and Juvenal.

Darwin's *Zoonomia*, which had already been translated into German and Italian, has lately appeared in French.

Pof. Bredow, of Helmstaedt, is busied on a new edition of the *Geographi Minores*. To those included in Hudson's collection, which will be collated with the best MSS. he means to add several others, as Dicuilus, Nicephorus, Blemnydas, Gemisthius, Ptolemy, Palladius, &c. It will likewise be accompanied with maps, exhibiting some ideas entertained of the globe, from Moses and Homer to the discovery of America. The professor requests the learned, particularly li-